The Liberalist

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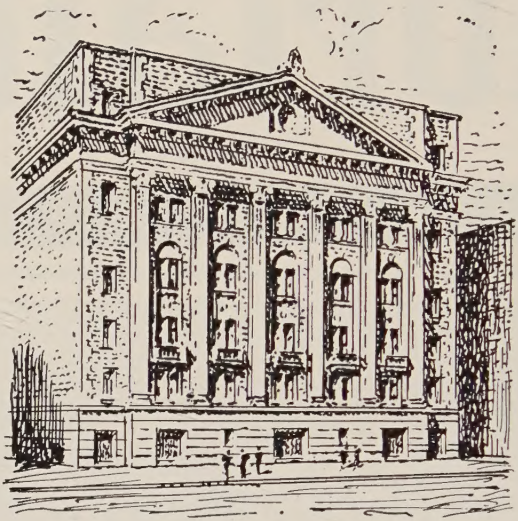
Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

—Sidney Lanier

"Poems for the Great Days" Clark & Clark



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
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Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

BY the time you will be reading these words, I shall be at the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland. Obviously I can tell you nothing of my trip this summer in this issue, because I am writing this on the 14th of June, just two days after our closing service for the summer. In the August number I shall be able to tell you something of my trip up until the 15th of July. This is one of the handicaps which I have in writing for The Liberalist, because the articles have to be prepared a month in advance. There is nothing which can be done about it, so I seek your indulgence and patience.

* * *

The closing service on June 12th of my 43rd year in the Peoples Church will linger with me all the rest of my life. In a city where the church federation statistics show the average duration of a Protestant minister's pastorate to be only seven years, to have remained in one pulpit for 43 years makes me feel humble and grateful. I am serving the only pastorate which I ever had. I came to the church with 62 members and from that humble beginning our church has developed into the important and influential institution it is in the lives of thousands of people. When I cast a momentary glance backward over these past years and realize what has taken place in the world, in our country, our city, our church, and in my own life, I have an indescribable feeling. I have lived through the most dynamic, dramatic and significant period in all human history, and to have been a part of it all has been a great privilege and opportunity. Through war, depression, prosperity and every crisis which has come, we have attempted from week to week to interpret as best we could, and to speak words which "have kept men on their feet."

For eight days preceding our closing Sunday we had rain, high winds, unseasonably hot weather, mist and fog. I had hoped for our closing Sunday an ideal June day. In this we were all disappointed. When I listened to the weather report for Sunday, late Saturday evening, I went to bed somewhat disheartened—only as far as the weather was concerned. Sunday morning dawned cold and rainy. We can hear the mournful dirge of the foghorn at the entrance to the Chicago River in our home. It is necessary for me to rise reasonably early on Sunday mornings because of my television program at 9:30, which necessitates my being on the 42nd floor of the Civic Opera Building by 9:00 o'clock. I thought, as I went down to the morning broadcast, "Today will be a real test of our church." You can imagine how inspired and elated I was when I walked into the pulpit to be greeted by one of the largest Sunday morning congregations, with the exception of Easter and Mother's Day, which we have had the entire church year. People had driven in from as far away as Peoria, Milwaukee, Gary and Elgin, for the service. The visitor's register showed that twelve states were represented and two foreign countries.

For years I have used the second Sunday in June as Baccalaureate Sunday in our church, in which I preach the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of our high schools, colleges and universities, and particularly to our own college and high school students who are being graduated. While the

offertory anthem was being sung I surveyed the congregation and was delighted at the number of young people present. I introduced at the service our new director of Religious Education, Mr. Gregg Carter, who is a seminarian at Meadville Theological School of the University of Chicago. Mr. Donald Walrath, who has been with us for the past two years, has graduated and will now take a pastorate.

Mr. Carter is from Memphis, Tennessee, he has a fine scholastic record and made a favorable impression upon our congregation. He will direct the activities of our young people and the Channing Club and we are all confident he will be a great help and inspiration.

Also in the congregation was the Reverend and Mrs. Richard Knost and their two sons, Jan and Peter. Mr. Knost is the minister of the First Universalist Church, of Peoria, Illinois, and is having a most successful pastorate in that historic church which knew the leadership of the great Dr. Carpenter for so many years. I have often preached in it and am enjoying the friendship of Mr. Knost and his fine family. I invited him to the pulpit for the benediction.

It is traditional with us at our closing service to sing "God be with you till we meet again." As the great congregation stood, uniting with our choir and quartet in this beautiful hymn, my heart was filled with memories when I thought of all those who had been in years past a part of this service and had been translated into the church triumphant. It was always a difficult moment for me and it was never more difficult than this year.

After the service I stood for over an hour and a half saying goodbye to our members and friends. The line of people waiting extended across the whole front of the church and down the west aisle to the foyer. I have never had more people present express their appreciation for the church and our work than I had on our closing Sunday. A recording was made of the entire service and only yesterday I sat in my study and heard the whole service from the first note of music until the last. I shall always keep the recording and, if I am spared an old age, it will be one of the great compensations for a long life to sit down some evening and hear again the closing service of our church.

I have not the words nor the space to express adequately my appreciation, my gratitude, my affection and my love to all who have made this such a triumphant year in the history of the church I love as I love life itself.

* * *

I have just finished the most strenuous four weeks of my entire ministry. For nearly three weeks I have been speaking to graduating classes, which is always exhilarating and inspiring to me. The largest class I had was of more than 300 young people being graduated from the Rochester High School in Rochester, Minnesota. The commencement was held in the beautiful Mayo Clinic Auditorium, with more than 4,000 people present. The next evening I gave the 100th Anniversary address for the Wataga Congregational Church, near Galesburg, Illinois. The Wataga community has only about 500 people and the little white church has been for 100 years the center of the spiritual life there. The church only seats about 150, but was filled and it was one of the most beautiful occasions I have had in a long time. The Reverend B. H. Baughman has been the pastor for many years and is a fine, inspiring influence in the community. The little church is an architectural gem and is quite distinct from some of the ecclesiastical

monstrosities which were built in the same period. As souvenirs of the occasion, a beautiful memorial historic china plate was designed, with a lovely etching of the church in the center and on the back of the plate a history of the church was written. My evening in this historic church will be one of the rich memories of my life.

* * *

The Oklahoma A. & M. College at Stillwater is one of the most widely known institutions of its kind in this country. It was my good fortune to spend three days on the campus recently where I had the opportunity of speaking to hundreds and hundreds of 4-H members from every county in the State of Oklahoma, who were holding their annual roundup at the A. & M. College. I spoke each morning to the 4,000 young people who had gathered there and I have never had a more responsive or more appreciative group of young people.

I was particularly interested in the beautiful library building on the campus. Having a deep interest in libraries, I spent three hours in the library one afternoon with Dr. Lowe, the librarian. No city or municipality, college or university in this country contemplating a new library building should fail to visit the A. & M. College and see its library. I know of no library in this country more beautiful or with a greater degree of utility than this building.

While in Stillwater I also addressed the Rotary Club which is observing its 50th Anniversary this year. Stillwater has always been active in Izaak Walton League work, and the Oklahoma Division is one of the most active in the United States. They have a beautiful clubhouse by the shore of a lovely lake, and the Stillwater Chapter invited me to address them one evening. There was a large attendance of men and women, who are active in conservation in Stillwater and throughout Oklahoma. A delightful social hour followed. I have long desired to visit the Stillwater Chapter and all of my expectations were more than realized by the friendliness, hospitality, and the spirit of this active group. I met many old friends whom I have met through the years at our national conventions of the League. Their friendship is deeply appreciated. The weather was very hot and there was a hurricane alert while I was there, but fortunately there was not a severe storm. I passed through the village of Blackwell, Oklahoma, only 30 miles away, which but a few days before had experienced a frightful and tragic hurricane. After my final lecture at the college I was driven to Oklahoma City for my first visit there. To see a State Capitol building surrounded by oil derricks, and to realize that oil was being pumped from under the capitol itself was a unique experience.

I could go on and on, speaking on the various commencements which I have had during the month, but space forbids. I always come in from my annual commencement season schedule feeling confident and hopeful for the future. We hear much about our 'teenagers and our juvenile delinquents, but sometimes we forget that only 3% of our juveniles ever become delinquent; that 97% of our young people never can be classified as juvenile delinquents. I am confident that in the next 15 or 20 years the young people of this generation will be meeting heroically and bravely the challenge of the unknown future, and I am convinced they will meet it more adequately than some of my generation have met their responsibilities.

* * *

The older one grows the more frequently one's friends are removed by

this inevitable experience of death. Years ago it doesn't seem to me that I ever lost any of my friends in death. Now there is not a day passes but what someone I have known and esteemed passes on. Only just a short time ago one of the men who had a tremendous influence upon my life and who I knew well, in his 95th year, went to his rest. "The death of Dr. L. P. Jacks removes from our midst a brilliant and powerful liberator of Christian thought from the last vestiges of intolerance and superstition. Lawrence Pearsall Jacks was on the 'accredited list' of Unitarian ministers, but he had no particular love for the term Unitarian and desired that Manchester College, Oxford, of which he was for many years the distinguished Principal, should be described as a Free Christian rather than as a Unitarian seminary." This observation of him I have just read in the British weekly. He studied under the great James Martineau and after some years of pastoral experience went to Manchester College in 1903. With his college work he carried on his outstanding editorship of The Hibbert Journal, which he held for 45 years. Students of theology and philosophy in all the churches, on both sides of the Atlantic, have acknowledged their debt to the fearless and scholarly Dr. Jacks. He reached an even wider public by such books of deeply significant phantasy as "Mad Shepherds" and "The Legends of Smokeover." Underlying all his unconventionalities lay the lifelong powerful testimony of a man who firmly believed in the spiritual foundations of human life, and in the God-given nature of all the light which has come into the world through courageous human thought. No Christian Church could be called a truly comprehensive Christian Church which would have excluded L. P. Jacks from its membership and ministry.

Receiving the message of his death affected me deeply. I remember the Sunday afternoon when he spoke to the young people in our church while he was lecturing here in Chicago under the Adult Education Council. I went over to the University that afternoon and drove him to our church. To be in his presence was a benediction. I often visited him in Oxford, and the last time, when June and I were at Manchester College, Oxford, we were entertained by Dr. Jacks at his lovely home on the outskirts of that ancient city. I have a picture on my desk of that occasion. The other guests were the Reverend William and Mrs. Wilma Constable, who were the ministers of our church in Orlando, Florida. I had preached the summer before for the Constables when they were located in Warwick, England. That picture will always be a memento of one of the most inspiring men I have ever known. On my study desk as I write is a copy of his last book which he inscribed to me—a book properly called "On the Brink." To have lived 95 years and to have made the contribution which Dr. Jacks has made is an achievement all together too rare in this tortured world.

* * *

During the years I have been fortunate in meeting people who have distinguished themselves in many professions and a wide diversity of activities. At almost the same time I received the message of Dr. Jack's passing, came the news that an old friend of mine, Walter Hampden, famed actor of stage, screen and television, had passed on at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital from a stroke which he had in a taxicab as he was on his way to MGM Studio. The veteran actor, particularly noted for his Shakespearean roles, went

(*Continued on page* 8)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

MOST people have ideals. Most people are basically good and they want to arrive at a certain destination. They mean well. Most people when involved in some disaster which they themselves have brought on will say, "Well, I meant well!" We are all a lot of well-meaning people and we all have beautiful ideals and we envisage a lovely destiny and a lovely arrival, but something happens!

Recently, there were two wedding parties in my Study. As these people stood in front of me, I could see the buoyancy with which they envisioned a life of beauty and distinction. As they left the Study I silently breathed a little prayer: "Oh, Lord, don't let them take the wrong bus! They mean well!" For you see, even in their well meaning they are very apt to take the wrong bus, and the first thing you know the romance may wither and then will come the "testing time" of true love, testing the depth of their understanding and capacity for companionship. If they can't make the adjustment, then trouble begins. Perhaps some young man has a dream of distinguishing himself in some great profession or career and he wants to reach the heights—he means well! Then he may take the wrong bus and may never arrive at his destination. We mean well—but we get onto the wrong bus.

The Master of Galilee had people all around him who took the wrong bus. There was Judas Iscariot who got on the wrong bus. He loved the Master once and would have died for him, but the lust and the power of money destroyed every beautiful dream of Iscariot's life, and he sold out his best friend for some tinkling pieces of Caesar's coin!

There are many examples down through history of people who might have been great and fine and might have done some great thing for the world—but they took the wrong bus!

Are you on the right bus? Are you sure that your mode of transportation of your life is going to bring you to the dream destination of your hopes? Are you sure your heart, your affections, are on the right bus? John Oxenham has said it all in these exquisite lines:

To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page 6*)

out to Hollywood recently from New York, to make a new film.

Years ago we had in Chicago what was called "The Playgoers Club." It met Sunday afternoons at the Congress Hotel. In those days Chicago had many legitimate theatres with excellent plays and great personalities of the theatre. One winter the club asked me to give a series of Sunday afternoon talks before them, on the theatre and the church. Attending those lectures were three men, all of whom later gained distinction and recognition as the years have passed. One was Walter Hampden, one was Whitford Kane and the other B. Iden Payne. Each of these men became my friends and that friendship has lasted through the years.

B. Iden Payne became the distinguished director of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and Whitford Kane came to us from Larne, Ireland, just north of Belfast, where I have often visited.

Walter Hampden was born Walter Hampden Dougherty, in Brooklyn, and would have been 76 had he lived to June 30th. He began Shakespearean roles in 1901 with a company touring Britain. He returned to the United States and began a long career in the theatre. He had been President of the Players Club in New York since 1928. One of his notable achievements, which probably many of our readers will recall, was playing 1,000 appearances in Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He played in the films "All About Eve," "The First Legion," "Treasure of the Golden Condor" and "Sombrero"; while probably his best known popular performance was in the play "The Servant in the House," which I saw five times. Mr. Hampden was graduated from Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute in 1900 and later went to France to study music. He made his American debut as leading man for Alla Nazimova in a comedy, "Comtesse Coquette."

One by one the great personalities leave us, and our friends meet the last and the greatest adventure of life; but at the same time new faces, new voices, new personalities are entering the scene. Life must go on and there will be men and women developing into great leadership and influence in the tomorrows just as there have been in the yesterdays.

To have known these men, Dr. Jacks, Walter Hampden, Whitford Kane and B. Iden Payne, has been a continuing inspiration; and truthfully can it be said, such men do not die.

Well, my space is gone. I will greet you next month from Chruwalden, Switzerland.

May your summer be restorative, restful and glorious.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCAST

During the summer months, beginning with Sunday, June 19th, through Sunday, September 11th, Dr. Bradley will be heard every Sunday morning over WJJD at 11 o'clock, in a fifteen-minute sermon.

"I'LL GET EVEN WITH THEM"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, May 15, 1955

IF I ever wanted to convey what, to me, is a very great and an important truth to you, it is this morning. I realize the difficulty which I have in making this truth so articulate and so intelligible to every listener that they will not be confused about what I mean, because I'm going to talk about a very difficult situation, a very involved and intricate situation, and one which is in complete antipathy to everything which we commonly accept as a part of our lives, and that's going to be very difficult! Anticipating some of your reactions to the sermon, even before it is delivered, I can imagine some of you will be saying: "How impractical! How ridiculous! How absurd! How impossible to ever put into practice any such an idea as Dr. Bradley suggested in the sermon this morning!" It is going to appear strange and it is going to be out of contact with much of our modern world and our whole modern attitude! It's not going to be a part of the conventional processes in which you and I are engaged most of the time.

It has to do with a spiritual technique, and a spiritual technique is always difficult to make plain and practical to a people who are accustomed to a materialistic and practical world, in which we are all living! It has to do primarily with the human personality, and anything which has to do with the human personality is of great importance, because we are all human personalities! And we are all, in relationship to the world of which we are a part, *important* personalities! And each one of us has a distinctive contribution to make and, as individuals, we are either going to help bring about these ideals or we're going to hinder them! Not one of you is passive! We are all either contributing, or we are interfering! It is all relative, but each one of us is doing one of two things—we are either helping in the realization of the ideals that make for dignity and beauty and peace, or we're interfering with them! Don't think there is *any* person who doesn't have an influence! And don't you accept the idea for one moment that your influence is unimportant! Every single person in contact with this service is an influential person, every one of us! We have more influence than most of us think we have!

I think a great many people underestimate their own influence! You hear people frequently say: "Oh well, it doesn't matter what I think! It doesn't matter what I do! I'm not important!" That is a tragic position to take and it is a false position to take! It *does* make a difference what you do, and you *are* important! For you are doing one of two things—you are either helping or you are hindering! You are *not* passive and you are *not* negligible! There is no such thing as a negligible personality! Each of us is doing something—we're either building, or we're destroying! And I want to speak this morning in an area where I think it may be very difficult for me to make myself understood and to give an interpretation that will be understood! It has to do with the individual reaction when you feel that you have been wronged; when someone has criticized you; when someone has impugned your motives; when

someone has said: "I wonder why she does that!", or "I wonder why he does that!", and always back of what you do there are people ready to impugn a motive! And there are people always ready to read into what you do some other motive than the one you had when you performed the mission! So the one thing that I think is clarifying to begin with is, to make up our minds that we are going to be misunderstood! *Someone* is *always* going to misunderstand us! I recall that in one of the great essays of that mastermind, Emerson, he said "To be great is to be misunderstood!" Well now, you can take it as a mark of distinction if you are misunderstood! When somebody misunderstands you, you take a lot of credit to yourself! To be of sufficient influence upon anybody so that you can be misunderstood by people indicates that you are doing something! Only people who never do anything are never misunderstood, just as people who never do anything are never criticized! If you never want to be criticized just fold your arms, sit down, let the world go by, and be unimportant! Nobody will ever say a mean thing about you! If you want to avoid criticism in this world just become a "do-nothing"! The only people I know who never get any criticism are "do-nothing" people!

People who are alert and sensitive to criticism give it altogether too much value! I know people who have had their enthusiasms for causes, for institutions, and for principles—*completely* deadened because they were too sensitive to somebody's criticism! Now when people criticize you, you should be complimented! Don't let it worry you at all; don't let it disturb you! If you are creative you will be criticized, and you will be criticized tremendously hard! That *always* happens to people who are at all creative! So don't give it too much reality! *Ninety percent* of criticism is *jealousy!* If your values are straightened out in your own mind, when you hear your critics go to work on you, you may just consider that you are the kind of person, somewhere along the line, of whom they are jealous! There are many people in this world so constituted that they can't stand to see another succeed; they can't stand to see someone win; they can't stand to have life go well with someone; they just can't stand to see someone overcome difficulties and get out of trouble and win out with life! The moment they see somebody marching ahead and going to make life a beautiful thing, then the acid of jealousy which is in their veins and arteries begins to germinate and they begin to criticize! You may take that kind of criticism as a compliment—don't try to trace it down! There *are* people who come to me and say: "You know so and so? I heard that she said this about me! I'm going to trace *that* down!" Listen! Why don't you go out and throw a needle in a haystack and try to find it? You'll have just as much success tracing it as you will tracing what somebody said about you! You'll *never* trace it down, and you'll *never* stop it! It never has been done, and it never will! And it is one of the surest evidences of your own psychical difficulty, an evidence that you yourself may be approaching some psychical trouble, if you give criticism too important a place in your life! If you begin to think about what so and so says, or what you were told so and so said—every little while somebody will come to me and say: "Dr. Bradley, did you say this?" And I'll say: "Say what?", because I know what's coming! So I say: "Say what?" And they'll say: "Well, Aunt Mary said that Aunt Jenny said that Uncle William said that somebody else said

that one time in church you said this, and I want to know if you said it!" Well, by the time it gets around to me, the father can't recognize his own child! This idea of trying to chase down criticism is silly. If you get too worried about it, then something is happening to you! Don't you give it reality!

Remember this—no one, finally, can ever permanently hurt you, except yourself! No one else can—no one! We can only injure ourselves! No one else can do it! And how many times do you hear people say: "Well, I'll get even with them! I'll get even with them!" Listen to me, this is the heart and soul of what I would say! Every time you try to "get even" with anybody else, no matter what they have done to you, no matter what, every time you try to "get even" with somebody else you destroy *your own* creativeness! Vengeance is death to the soul! Getting even will rob you of your own powers; getting even will never, never hurt anyone but ourselves! And I can hear you say: "Why, Dr. Bradley, do you mean to just stand up and take it!" *That's* exactly what I mean! I mean nothing less! I mean that lies and liars destroy themselves—I don't have to worry about them! And I don't have to worry about their lies! A lie and a liar have the qualities of self-destruction! They are destroying themselves! And when you and I try to "get even" with anybody we're just destroying ourselves! We have to rise above it into the rarefied atmosphere of our own spiritual selves, and then evil people and evil words have no power whatever—none! Getting even!

I had an experience this past week at the University of Chicago where I met a young woman from the heart of Kenya, Africa, a young woman who has caught the light, and it was in her eyes! This young woman, black as night, from the heart of Kenya—her father was an African chieftain and he was tortured and slaughtered by the Mau Mau! Her own father! She looked at me and she said: "Do you know where my brother is? My brother, after the murder of our father by the Mau Mau, went back to the very heart of the Mau Mau country to try and make the Mau Mau see how much he loved them! Because that love may win them, where law and hate never will!" Strange, that doctrine, isn't it? That's what I meant at the beginning about how difficult it is in a cold, practical, materialistic, naturalistic age, where we're all so practical, to dare adventure with the power of love!

When the Boxer Revolution of China—that tragic, tragic, Boxer Revolution—took place, and we received millions and millions as a nation in Boxer indemnity, what did the United States of America do with that indemnity? We sent it back to China to educate Chinese students in American universities! And one of the victims of one of the most tragic scenes in the whole Boxer Rebellion went back to the heart of China with love in his heart! Love!

Oh world, listen! This may sound impractical, silly, unreal—love your enemies! Do good to them which despitefully use you! Could some nation now—and I covet it for my nation—could some nation now, in the midst of the bristling armaments of the rocket planes and the hydrogen bombs; could some nation, in the cleansing beauty of divine love, throw the whole business into the sea and say to the world: "We're going to give love a chance and not hate! We shall hate no more! Love shall be coronated!" I tremble, you practical people, you realistic people, I tremble for what

would happen to the world if some leadership would stand and say: "We're going to follow love, even to a cross!" *That* is the final answer!

Now, spirit of love, give each of us the courage and the depth and the breadth of our comprehension of life that we may never try to get even; that we may never use vengeance; that love shall be the power! Amen.

BOOK CHATS

FROM Carl Sandburg's book *Always the Young Strangers,* the parts of greatest interest to today's young people have been taken for the book *Prairie-Town Boy,* a small book of 179 pages. Published by Harcourt-Brace and Company, it is much more than the account of one boy of Swedish immigrant parents; it is a book that brings close to the reader the vast prairie lands of our country and the story of its growth.

How can our young people help but be interested in a boy who, starting at the age of eleven, first of all swept and dusted a real estate office five mornings a week; took a spell of running a newspaper route; did hard work on a milk wagon; worked for a while in a pottery; then cut ice on Lake George; became an apprentice and shoeshine boy in a fashionable barber shop, till the outdoor life called him again. He took to the road, headed for work in the Kansas wheat harvest, his baggage being just what his pockets would hold. At the time of the Spanish-American war he enlisted in the Army and was sent to Puerto Rico. Then, after all these experiences, he decided he wanted to enroll in college and get an education.

Throughout the book the young person reading it will find names which he may have heard from his father's lips. At an Anniversary celebration of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, Sandburg left his milk wagon long enough to squeeze through the crowd and get a good look at Chauncey M. Depew, in a Prince Albert coat. Though he couldn't remember a word he said he could say he had seen the president of the New York Central Railway and a man who in 1864 made stump speeches over all of New York State for Lincoln for President.

There is a chapter on Home Folks, in which Sandburg tells that he was born on a cornhusk mattress. "Until I was past ten or more years, when we became a family of nine, the mattresses were bedticking filled with cornhusks. As we all slept well on cornhusks and never knew the feel of feather beds till far later years, we were in favor of what we had. Of the slats on which the mattress rested, we sometimes murmured. One would break, then another, till finally the mattress crashed to the floor—and we were suspicious of the new slats."

The young man or woman reading *Prairie-Town Boy* will feel in touch with the early days of America as he or she reads of Carl Sandburg's father who had never learned to write, but whose schooling only taught him to read, when his father and mother died in Sweden and he went to work as a chore boy in a distillery. Becoming a teamster later on at the distillery, he saved enough money for steerage passage to America. Much early history of

America is bound up in this book and the atmosphere of early America emerges from its pages.

Chapter Four: "Hungry to Learn," is very fascinating, as Mr. Sandberg tells of the books he read as a boy. The description of the Demorest Silver Medal Declamation Contest will bring a broad smile from the reader. His story of the Book Agent who talked his Mother into quite a dazed state about *Cyclopedia of Important Facts of the World* is so vivid one can see the whole picture and is transported into that bright summer day, with his mother doing the washing in the cellar, the washing interrupted by the appearance of the well-dressed book agent. "She looked down into my face. Would I like the book? I said yes in several ways. She signed her name and she had the required seventy-five cents ten days later when the man came with the book." The father had grumbled —"let the children get 'eddication' in the schools." It was later on that the father made the real fuss, after a visit by another book agent, whose book was three times bigger than the Cyclopedia—*A History of the World and its Great Events*. "I was surer I would like this book. Mother signed again. This time it was a dollar and a half, more than a day's pay of my father. But mother had the money when the book came two weeks later."

"I won't go into the scene father made when he saw the book and heard the price. We were heading for the Knoxville poorhouse. If it ever happened again he didn't know what he would do. It ended mother's listening to book agents."

The chapter headings will interest the young readers: Home Folks—The House on Berrien Street—A Young Republican—Hungry to Learn—Days of Play and Sport—Fair and Circus Days—The Hangout—The Dirty Dozen — First Paydays — Milk Wagon Days—In and Out of Jobs—Working for Fun—Learning a Trade—A Milk Route Again—On the Road—In the Army.

* * *

Speaking of books on early American life here is another good for leisurely vacation reading—Louis Zara's latest book, his novel, *Blessed is the Land*. "Arrived today in New Amsterdam, on the St. Charles, the following persons: Judiq de Mereda, Moses Ambrosius, David Israel, Ashur Levy . . ." These were the first Jews to settle in America. *Blessed is the Land* is said by the publishers, Crown, Inc., to be the first full-length novel to give a vivid picture of lusty, roistering life in New Amsterdam before it became New York, and also after the English took over.

Readers will recall Louis Zara's *Blessed is the Man* (1935) which dealt with the rise of a Jewish immigrant from about 1900 to 1930, and was hailed as "a novel of distinction." Zara's *This Land is Ours* (1940) a story of the winning of the old Northwest Territory, received the award of the Foundation for Literature.

To the writing of *Blessed is the Land* and his many other books and widely Anthologized stories, including the biographical novels *Against This Rock* and *In the House of the King*, Louis Zara applied a full and rich knowledge of the complete historical background; not only scholarly research, but a grounding in Biblical studies, and the ability to delve into all-important Dutch and Portuguese sources.

There is no finer or pleasanter way to gain a sense of the history and atmosphere of the early days of our country than through the historical novel, where the author, as in Louis Zara's case, is true to the historical background and facts.

Blessed is the Land is the story of

New Amsterdam when twenty-three Jews, who had escaped from Spanish pirates on the high seas, arrived to settle in the New World; the lusty days of Stomping Peter Stuyvesant.

Ashur Levy (often mentioned in American history but never before portrayed dramatically) was the strongest and strangest of the gallant band. A bold and reckless leader, he had lived among the savage Tupis of Brazil, and fought with the Dutch against Portuguese invaders. He and his people believed this country was a blessed land and he dedicated his life to it.

He was forthright among men, women liked his good looks, his strength and burly humor. He made friends easily enough, but Jews were not welcome in the settlement.

This book is rich with realistic details: Ashur going out to the wild country to trade for furs: the partnership and romance with Christina van Horn; his passion for Maria, the spitfire daughter of a trader from New Sweden; the great Indian attack of 1655; Ashur's full-blooded fight for liberties that finally brought burgher rights (citizenship) to a Jew for the first time in this country.

As Book Two opens: "It was like a scene in Amsterdam when a ship from India comes up the Amstel, or in Recife when a merchantman sails in from the Slave Coast. I was always curious to greet an incoming vessel, and to search for familiar faces. I stared at the sloops and ketches among which we had berthed; they spelled commerce and trade.

"On the little hook of land near the dock, a hundred settlers, Negroes and Indians had crowded into the sunshine, the burghers in tall sugar-loaf hats, broad collars and baggy breeches, their women wearing hoods or cornet caps, and full-skirted gowns with slashed sleeves. Several craftsmen and artisans must have rushed from their workbenches. One held a saw, another a mallet, a third balanced a plank on his shoulder; two masters, to judge from their leather aprons, rocked on their heels and viewed us speculatively. A smiling mulatto woman bounced a blond child on her shoulder, and pointed at us.

"I took a deep breath. I could smell the good meat and butter from the settlement, and the fragrance of the tobacco in the thin-stemmed clay pipes. How plump the men were, how generously proportioned the females! I stared at three girls who were holding hands; they giggled shyly, and turned away.

"We could scarcely wait for the grave hail of the port officials and for the gangplank to be thrown down. The French seamen courteously stood aside to let us tramp ashore first.

"Several Indians, with wampum belts over their naked shoulders and long knives at their loins, threaded forward. How different they are from the Tupis and the Guaranis!

"I knelt to press my lips to the earth. 'Lord God, let this be the land!' "

I have quoted this bit taken at random from the book, just to present the flavor of the atmosphere of the times that are depicted. Events long in the shadow of American history are the substance of this, the author's most important novel. He draws his characters in full-dimension; their vices as well as their virtues are boldly portrayed. The theme is a moving one, full of love and exultation, marked by tragedy, brightened by the spirit of high adventure.

As Ashur Levy and his friends sailed into the great bay, a rainbow greeted them; the comet of 1680 flashing over New York augured the close of his life; but already his son and namesake was preparing to cross the river and

open up the new land. A bright spiritual thread runs throughout the story, faith in the religion of these pioneers' fathers, and devotion to the New World which they believed was destined as a sanctuary for all free men.

In an Author's Note, Louis Zara tells us:

"In this work of fiction I have sought, in Walter Pater's words, 'the enlargement of our sympathies with each other,' and also, 'such presentments of new or old truth about ourselves and our relations to the world as may ennoble or fortify us in our sojourn here.' I have striven further to reflect a little of that 'soul of humanity' in which I believe humbly.

"On a sensitive subject, sensible disclaimers seem in order. The armature of the novel has been constructed from such historical data as I have been able to glean from the pitifully inadequate records that have survived these three indifferent centuries. No valid truth has been wilfully denied or distorted, although full dramatic liberty has been taken in creating the characters and their supporting episodes.

"Ashur Levy was a living man; his name is to be found in the Court Minutes of New Amsterdam and in other documents 1654-1682. For everything else about his private life, his virtues as well as his foibles, I must accept a creator's responsibility, as I do for the projections of Jacob Bersimson, Judicq de Mereda, Moses Ambrosius, David Israel, Joseph d'Acosta and the others who, in the old accounts, are merely names.

"Most of the Dutch figures, beginning with Petrus Stuyvesant and Cornelius van Tienhoven, and excepting only the women, are historical; however, even their portraits must be charged to me alone. I have tried to shape these people not with the hindsight which the present affords but with an interior sympathy for the times in which they flourished. I believe that the story is, in every important respect, spiritually true.

"No one walking these early fields could make any progress at all without the guiding scholarship afforded by the pioneer researches of the American Jewish Historical Society and, especially its Oppenheim Papers. I am indebted also to the Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library in Chicago, to the New York Historical Society, to the New York Society Library, and, of course, to the special services of the New York Public Library for access to those early Dutch letters without which I could not have inhaled the very air of old New Amsterdam nor dreamed the dreams of Ashur Levy."

* * *

Booklovers take note that special loan privileges are available to any registered book borrower using the Chicago Public Library. An unlimited number of books may be borrowed on any library card and kept for any length of time during the summer through September 30th, without renewal. This is for the convenience of vacationers.

Most books from the library's collection of 2,500,000 volumes may be taken on vacation loans with the exception of books published during the past year, a few titles in great demand, and books used in summer school classes. Music and some other special materials may also be borrowed.

Vacation loan privileges are offered to both arm chair and actual travelers, as well as adults and children. Readers wishing to use the vacation loan services can make arrangements through the Central library or any of the branch libraries.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

TODAY, as I start to prepare this Mail Bag article, one's inspiration must certainly come from within. The weather is cold and damp, a fog blots out the lake and all the landscape that is as much as a block away from the windows. There is no lovely sunlight reflected on the waters of the park lagoon—that tiny bit of it that can be glimpsed above and between the treetops.

Lincoln Park, as seen from the Study windows, has never been so thick with foliage. Very little of the park lawns can be seen from this airplane view from eight floors above the park. All one sees is the tops of trees and the black shaft of the James Hamilton monument, with Hamilton's figure in gold etched against it. If this is the kind of weather we are to be served all summer, I shall not mind at all that I spend the first four days of July inside the Palmer House, attending a Convention. Since the advent of air-conditioning one never knows when attending Conventions or any other indoor event, what the weather is like outside.

* * *

A very inspiring meeting was held in Anderson Hall on Tuesday, June 14th. Officers and friends from every church organization attended. Marie Tilles, who is Secretary of the Choir, one of the sponsors of the Channing Club and President of the Professional and Business Woman's Club, acted as Chairman of the meeting.

The meeting broke into several small groups of about eight participants each, who were all heard from in their individual groups, discussing program plans and problems for the coming church year. Later the entire group re-assembled and five group chairmen reported the subjects of discussion in their individual groups.

Finally everyone sat around a long refreshment table for an informal chat over coffee cake and coffee, the latter an excellent concoction by Vera Swanson.

All felt a greater spirit of co-operation in the over-all picture of church events, whether it might be an event originally sponsored by the Channing Club, the Sunday School, the Woman's Club, the Choir, the Ushering staff, the Men's Club, the Business Woman's Club, or our Scout Troops.

A very definite step toward greater sociability and a closer-knit church family was accomplished in appointing a Church Dinner Committee, with Harlow Stevens, President of the Men's Club, as Chairman. Other members appointed were Vera Swanson, Joanne Plett, Waldo Moe, Fannette Stone, Don Anderson and Marie Tilles. The purpose in appointing to this committee a member from every one of the church organizations was that the dinner might be a combined effort of all the groups. The committee will go to work on the details, with definite directions to plan four church dinners throughout the year; these to be four

in addition to the dinners held every year during the Church Bazaar.

Some very ambitious evening programs were discussed and planned, it being too early to report on definite dates and arrangements, except for one event which has definitely been set up for October 19th—a concert by the Pure Oil Glee Club. Tickets are already printed and may be procured by contacting Mrs. Huldah Winbaugh of the Woman's Club. The ticket campaign is on and tickets are to be sold all summer long. This is a good project for all the organizations to put their teeth into and show what we can do with a combined effort from all the groups. It has been proved before that where everybody pitches in, we can fill the church—over 1700 seats—and wouldn't it be thrilling to start the season with a full-house event. It has been done. It can be done again. The Woman's Club has shown a very cooperative spirit in many events this past year. Let us all reciprocate and start the year right!

Plans are in the making for a canvass of the church neighborhood before the opening of church in the late summer. All friends of the church and Sunday School who wish to help in this all-out effort to acquaint the people of the immediate neighborhood of the church with the work of our church in its various departments, should get in touch with Mrs. Vera Swanson so that she may get in touch with you when the canvass is about to begin.

* * *

Robberies and other acts of a cruel nature are generally publicized in the press, but the fine things that occur all around us every day, are much less apt to receive attention. A Bulletin of the Midwest Chapter of the Hemophilia Foundation, Inc., comes to Dr. Bradley's desk monthly, because Dr. Bradley is one of its Honorary Trustees. There is an item in the latest Bulletin which states that Mrs. Stella Bunyard, a nurse at Grant Hospital, supplied an emergency transfusion to a young Hemophiliac child who needed whole blood immediately. A nurse's work is apt to be quite strenuous, yet evidently Mrs. Bunyard did not hesitate when an emergency arose.

Our members may have noticed a letter on the Bulletin Board in the church lobby, written by Mr. Clifford Lyon, President of the Midwest Hemophilia Foundation, in which he asks our church to supply two blood donors. A like letter has been mailed to all the churches in the Chicago area, of every creed and race. If each of the churches written would comply with the request, all the blood needs of this group of sufferers would be met. Arrangements can be made with the Chicago Blood Donor Service, 2056 N. Clark Street, for receiving a blood donation. Contrary to statements made on TV at a fund-raising "kick-off" dinner of the American Red Cross, they cannot furnish blood or plasma to Hemophiliacs in the Chicago Area. In some areas this is done, but not in Chicago or nearby Counties. There must be a special program to supply blood to Hemophiliacs, for the blood must be processed within three-quarters of an hour after received. Therefore, the Hemophiliac victims must depend on a program of their own for supplying a blood bank for their needs.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Corrigan, of 7806 S. Wood St., gave a blood donation party at their home on May 25th. 40 of their friends and neighbors arrived in groups of 15, at one hour intervals. The blood was drawn at the home of Mr. Corrigan's brother by the Chicago Blood Donor Service, which supplied the equipment and technicians. After giving the donations, the donors feasted on a delicious buffet

dinner at the Corrigan's home a few houses away.

Some organizations have adopted a Hemophiliac and agreed to supply his needs for the year.

To Clifford Lyon, of 2612 Lakeview Avenue, goes the credit for organizing the Midwest Chapter of the Hemophilia Foundation, with headquarters at his home. Though a victim of Hemophilia himself, he has done valiant service in promoting the work of this group which he heads as its President. The organization is unique. Only sufferers and their parents are its members, and they are attempting through this organization to help each other and to conquer this disease. They are helping their members both educationally and medically in Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Western Michigan, and Iowa. Among its sufferers are people of all religions, races and creeds. Rabbi Binstock, Bishop Shiel and Dr. Bradley are among the leaders of various religions who are trying to help in this cause. Many churches are co-operating in the program. The organization has an emergency transfusion room at the Grant Hospital in Chicago, which may be used by all Hemophiliacs.

All the assistance we can give in this deserving cause will be greatly to our credit.

* * *

And now we have a very full Mail Bag, with letters from far and near:

From the President of the Chicago Junior Association of Commerce and Industry came the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Even though I know I don't have to do so, I want to express the appreciation of our organization to you for the outstanding talk you made at our State Convention. I don't have to thank you because I know you could see in the reaction of those present how attentive and pleased they were to have had the pleasure of hearing you.

In all the opportunities I have had to be present at such functions, I personally have never seen a speaker grip the audience as you did, but most important, you were getting to them!

My thanks is little recompense for your valuable time, Dr. Bradley, but when I add the thanks of the six hundred other young men who were present, perhaps it will suffice.

I hope I have occasion to see you again soon.

Sincerely,
Bob (R. J. Wittebort).

* * *

From Rabbi Ahron Opher, of South Shore Temple, came this letter into our Mail Bag:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Permit me a word of appreciation and gratitude for your presence in our pulpit and for your memorable message.

I express the sentiment of all the members of the congregation, who were deeply moved by your message.

I hope that our paths will cross often in the service of all good causes.

Sincerely yours,
Rabbi Ahron Opher.

* * *

From the Higbee Bookshop, of Cleveland, Ohio:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was indeed a delight to have you here as a guest in the Book Shop. We appreciate your taking time out from your busy life to come in and autograph copies of HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING.

Too, my staff and I were honored and delighted to meet such a gracious, stimulating person as you.

Many Thanks.

Sincerely,
Anne Udin,
Buyer, Book Department

Dr. Bradley was in Cleveland, Ohio, for the Kiwanis Club and for the Annual Dinner of the Men's Club of the First Baptist Church of Cleveland Heights, and had "sandwiched in" some autographing of his latest book in addition.

* * *

Perhaps some of our young people and especially some of those who have been through the experience of Army training would like to write to the author of the next letter which comes on stationery of the "Home of the Fifth Armored Division, Camp Chaffee, Arkansas:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am all settled down at Camp Chaffee again. I am still so mixed up, for it seems so useless to get this training when the answer to all the world problems lies in the new testament. Yet I seem to have faith in God that He sent me here for a purpose and I have faith that seems to help me over the rough spots.

I intend to try to get into the Chaplain's corps as a chaplain's assistant if I can. With my music and church background I might have a chance.

I get letters from Ernest Smith nearly as regularly as from my folks. He sure missed his calling. He should have taken up the ministry. His letters always strengthen my faith and give me courage to go on.

I will close for now and hope to hear from you. God bless you.

Your Christian friend,

Pvt. Lester Weiss, U.S. 55487886
Co. "A"—22nd Armd. Eng. Bn.,
5th Armored Division, Camp Chaffee, Ark.

* * *

Mr. Hugh R. Porter, Attorney at Law, of 139 N. Clark St., Chicago, sent Dr. Bradley a little poem of his, saying, "Because you are always and ever teaching and preaching the all-powerful doctrine of kindness and helpfulness to others, I am enclosing a very recent poem which I have written. It is somewhat self-analytical and self-searching in its piquancy, and sufficiently questioning to make one think.

I never miss one of your Sunday morning broadcasts and they do help materially in strengthening the will to carry on in a turbulent and presently upset world. I am very certain that when you have passed on to the realms beyond, many many humans will care and cry.

Will Anyone Cry?

Will anyone cry when I leave this World?
  And cross o'er the Great Divide?
Will anyone care, when I've journeyed beyond
  The limits of Time and Tide?
Will anyone wish they could see my face
  And once again take my hand?
Or will they just shrug and say: "He's gone
  To the never-never land?"
Will anyone feel they have lost a friend,
  And a bit of Blue from their sky?
That something is lost they highly prized—
  I wonder—will anyone cry?

So I said to myself, "Well, what have you done
  To make folks wish you were here?
Just what have you done to lessen grief
  And make some life a bit less drear?
Did you kindly comfort some lonely soul?
  Did you help someone weak to stand?
Did you offer help to the sore distressed?
  Or extend a friendly hand?
Did you share your store with the needy and poor?
  Or did you just pass them by?
Just what have you done in your span of life
  To make folks care or cry?

Lord, help me to see another's need,
  On the wearisome road of Life;
Help me to gladden some lonely heart,
  And to lessen distress and strife.
Lord, show me the way to bring a smile
  To some tear-bespattered face;
Help me to judge my fellow-man,
  With sympathy, kindness and grace.
Then it may be, when my life is o'er
  And to all I have said "Goodbye,"
That because of some kindly act or smile,
  Someone will care and cry.

Hugh R. Porter.

Here is an appreciation from the Indiana Electric Association, of Indianapolis, Indiana:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Adding our compliments to the many that you have received in connection with the splendid address which you gave us at French Lick last Friday morning might be considered as superfluous. However, at the risk of this being the case, we want to tell you how much we appreciated your being with us and how much you contributed to the success of our Convention.

Your address was a fitting close and gave the delegates a most constructive message to take with them. We trust there will be other such occasions when you can be with us in the near future.

Very truly yours,
A. C. Crandall, Secretary.

* * *

A justly proud grandmother writes:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am only one of hundreds who depend on you every Sunday morning to help them face the difficulties of life. Your half hour on TV has been wonderful. Seeing you on TV is like having you with us in our home for a while.

My husband and I are 86 and 82 years old respectively, and our financial difficulties are many, yet I am only old, as you said in your sermon, in chronological years. Psychologically life is still wonderful for me. I have many blessings. I correspond with many people in Holland, and even a young friend in Greece.

Can you imagine how proud I was when I saw my grandson, John C. Vanden Bosch receive his diploma from President Eisenhower at West Point this morning. He was one of the five cadets receiving special mention and a gold watch. Please pardon an old grandmother for her pride.

I hope you will have a wonderful summer and come back to us who need you so much ready for another year.

Thanking you for all you do for us and with best wishes,

Mrs. W. I. Vanden Bosch

* * *

Dr. Bradley received the following letter from the Pastor of the Channing Memorial Church (Unitarian), of Newport, Rhode Island:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Would you please let me know of any of your people who may be summer residents of Newport or Jamestown and their summer addresses?

We are holding services this summer for the first time in many years. We would like personally to invite them to visit us. Perhaps you would extend this invitation to any who may be traveling here.

As you know, our church was built 75 years ago as a Memorial to Channing on the 100th Anniversary of his birth in Newport.

We have recently installed one of the finest organs in Rhode Island and we would appreciate your help in renewing our friendship with fellow Unitarians who might visit us.

Sincerely yours,
John C. Agnew

* * *

Following the death of Mr. Paul G. Dallwig, who willed his body to science, Dr. Bradley was asked to give the Address at the Memorial services for the beloved lecturer of the Chicago Natural History Museum, on May 29th. From our Mail Bag we take this letter from the Chicago Natural History Museum:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

I should like to take this opportu-

nity to thank you officially for your splendid service on Sunday to the Museum, and to the friends of Paul G. Dallwig. Your contribution helped make the occasion an outstanding success.

Sincerely,
Clifford C. Gregg, Director.

* * *

Our readers will remember the unusual train ride which Dr. Bradley was privileged to take, riding in the cab of the Diesel engine at the beginning of his trip to the Caribbean. The following letter is one of those which resulted:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I received a copy of The Liberalist today, published by your church, and am happy to read that you enjoyed your ride on the engine of the Panama Limited between Chicago and Champaign, on your recent trip to New Orleans.

It was very nice of you to remember me and my small part in helping to make your trip a pleasant one. With kindest personal regards,

Sincerely,
James K. Scott, Trainmaster

* * *

The following letter speaks for itself:

Dear Reverend:

Your last Sunday's sermon in my opinion was one of the most constructive sermons delivered by you from the pulpit of the Peoples Church: "The Power of Negative Thinking."

How few people recognize the fact that power can be used for good or evil alike and how few people realize that negative thinking is instigated by Satan. It is adopted by the masses because negative thinking is easy to accept for the reason that it appeals to the emotions of the head instead of the heart.

I believe in this sermon you actually have discovered an antidote against communism and your sermon ought to be publicized and quoted. Most respectfully yours,

Spencer J. Shaw

(The above mentioned sermon, "The Power of Negative Thinking" was published in last month's Liberalist.

* * *

On May 19th, Dr. Bradley addressed the Diamond Jubilee Dinner of the Salvation Army, at Peoria, Illinois, celebrating their 75th Anniversary. The following letter, dated May 25th, comes from our Mail Bag:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

I have been out of the city much of the time since your visit to Peoria but I do want to express my great appreciation for your visit. I felt that much good was done.

Your message was timely and many expressions have come to us of their appreciation of the manner in which you eulogized the spiritual work of The Salvation Army as the most important.

I felt that the entire affair was a grand success. I trust at some time I shall be able to reciprocate. May God abundantly bless you in your wide-flung ministry.

Sincerely yours,
E. D. Hicks, Lt. Colonel
Divisional Commander

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

The Peoples Church expresses deep gratitude to Dr. and Mrs. Rufus Lee for their gift of several orchids on Mother's Day. Orchid and Dahlia cultivation are two of Dr. Lee's hobbies, and these orchids came from the family greenhouse. They were presented to the three mothers present, one to the oldest, one to the youngest, and one to the one with the most children present.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MAY

1—Broadcast WBKB-TV. Channel 7.
Sermon, Morning Service,
Peoples Church.
Address. Purdue-Barker Auditorium, Unitarian Fellowship of Michigan City, Ind.

4—Invocation. Sales Executive Club, Civic Opera House.

5—Address. Illinois County Officials Assn. Sherman Hotel.
Address. Fire Commissioner, Michael J. Corrigan, award. Hotel Sherman.

6—Funeral.
Address. 10th Anniversary Broadview Community Church, Broadview, Ill.

7—Funeral
Three weddings.

8—Broadcast. WBKB-TV. Channel 7.
Sermon, Morning Service,
Peoples Church.

9—Keynote Address. National Convention, Boys Clubs of America, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Autographed books at The Boston Book Store, Milwaukee.

10—Address. Annual Dinner Professional and Business Woman's Club, Peoples Church. Kungsholm Restaurant.

11—Address. Elks Club Dinner, Waukegan, Ill.

12—Address. Civic Assembly Luncheon, Chicago Board of Education, Terrace Casino, Morrison Hotel.

13—Attending Reception for Canadian Consul General and Mrs. Palmer, English Speaking Union.
Annual Spring Dinner of Church School, Peoples Church.

14—Funeral.

15—Broadcast WBKB-TV. Channel 7.
Sermon. Morning Service,
Peoples Church.
Address at Ground-breaking ceremony, Chicago Institute for the blind, Drake & Foster.
Sermon, Carter Temple Methodist Church, Chicago.

16—Funeral.
Address. Chamber of Commerce Banquet, Kalamazoo, Mich.

17—Autographing party at Beecher-Kymer Book Store, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Address. 300th Anniversary Jewish People in America, Grand Ballroom, Whitcomb Hotel, St. Joseph, Mich.

18—Address. Woman's Executive's Club, Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Georgian Room. Autographed books.
Funeral.

19—Address. Radion Station WBMT,
Peoria, Illinois.
Address. Radio Station WEEK,
Peoria, Illinois.
Address. 75th Anniversary, Salvation Army, Grand Ballroom, Pere Marquette Hotel.

20—Address. State Convention, Optimist Club, Municipal Auditorium, Holland, Mich.

21—Funeral.

22—Broadcast WBKB-TV. Channel 7.
Sermon, Morning Service,
Peoples Church.

23—Address. Association of Commerce Banquet for Honor Students, Fremont High School, Municipal Building, Fremont, Michigan. Autographed books.

24—Recording Summer sermons, WJJD.
Two funerals.
Address. Men's Club. Closing meeting of season, Peoples Church. Sir Peter Reisenhus' 96th Birthday.

25—Address. Commencement.
Brazil High School, Brazil, Ind.

26—Address. Commencement. Merriville, Ind. High School.

27—Address. Illinois Association Spiritualist Healers, Madison Room, Hotel Morrison.

28—Address. Woman's Auxiliary Cook Co. Physicians' Assoc.
Wedding.

29—Broadcast WBKB-TV. Channel 7.
Sermon, Morning Service,
Peoples Church.
Address, Memorial Service for Paul G. Dallwig, Lecturer of Museum of Natural History. Simpson Theatre in Museum.

31—Address. Stillwater Rotary Club, Stillwater, Oklahoma.

FUNERALS

6—Herman Holdhusen
7—Mrs. Mary Budlong Nelson
14—Elmer Swanberg
16—Allen L. McNeill
18—Bohumil F. Kral
21—Elvin Shogren
24—Miss Hazel B. Nay
Nicholas Brod

WEDDINGS

7—Mrs. Mary Sullivan and John H. Corbin.
Rosalyn Theresa Grisham and George Fred Kramp
Rose M. Johnson and William B. Swann.
28—Mrs. Dorothea Cariello and George Kallin.

CHRISTENINGS

1—Michael Eldridge Lichter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Lichter.
29—Kevin Mitchell Doyle, son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Doyle.
29—Brenda Patricia Babiarz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Babiarz.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education
(Opens the third Sunday in September. Closes the second Sunday in June).....9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD (Opens the third Sunday in September. Closes the second Sunday in June).....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (From the first Sunday in November until Easter).....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (From the first Wednesday in November until the Wednesday of Holy Week).....8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Opens in September. Meets every other Monday. For summer activities contact the Church Office or the Club Secretary, Miss Edith Anderberg, Corr. Sec., 1614 Ainslie Ave. (40) SUnnyside 4-9146.....1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Meets the second Tuesday in each month. Opening meeting in October. Secretary, Mr. Harold E. Hansen, 2218 W. Carmen Ave., Chicago 25, Ill. EDgewater 4-5998.

Professional and Business Woman's Club,—Opens in September. Meets the second Tuesday of each month. Corr. Sec., Mrs. Peggy Noble, 930 W. Argyle St. (40), SUnnyside 4-7413..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, during Church Season, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday until June 9th, New Members Welcomed..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

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WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

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